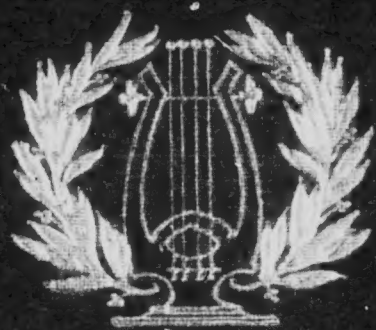




The Mendelssohn Choir
Concerts 1903

Season 1902-03.

The Mendelssohn Choir
of Toronto.

A. S. Hogt, Conductor.

Annual Concerts,

Wednesday Evening, February 11th, and
Thursday Evening, February 12th, 1903.

The Chorus of the Society
in association with

The
Pittsburgh Orchestra,

Victor Herbert, Conductor.

Soloists:

Wednesday Evening.

Luigi von Kunits, Violinist.

Thursday Evening.

George Hamlin, Tenor.

The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto.

A. S. Hogt, Conductor.

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AND
DRS. T. ALEX. DAVIES AND T. B. RICHARDSON.

Accompanist:

MISS JESSIE C. PERRY.

Thursday Evening, February 12th.

Programme.

1. Overture, "Leonore," No. 3, in C. Beethoven.
PITTSBURGH ORCHESTRA.

2. Chorus, "All ye who Weep," (a capella). Gounod.
For chorus in six parts.
(First time by Mendelssohn Choir).
MENDELSSOHN CHOIR.

3. Symphony, No. 5, in B Minor, "Fate," Op. 67. Tchaikowsky.
(TWO MOVEMENTS).
II. Allegro con grazia.
III. Allegro molto vivace.
PITTSBURGH ORCHESTRA.

4. Chorus, from Choral Suite, "From the Barbarian
Highlands," "The Dance," (Sonnenbichl), Op. 27.
No. 1, for Chorus and Orchestra. Dr. Edward Elgar.
(First time in Toronto).
MENDELSSOHN CHOIR AND PITTSBURGH ORCHESTRA.

5. Tenor Solos:—
(a) "A Winter Song." Von Koss.
(b) "To Mary." White.
(c) "The Year's at the Spring." Beach.
MR. GEORGE HAMLIN.

- Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes," Liszt.
PITTSBURGH ORCHESTRA.

7. "Samson's Wedding Feast," for Tenor
and Orchestra, Op. 30, ... S. Coleridge-Taylor.
(First time in Toronto).
MR. GEORGE HAMLIN, MENDELSSOHN CHOIR AND
PITTSBURGH ORCHESTRA.

GOOD SAVE THE KING.

Reintzman & Co. Pianos used.

Programme Notes.



OVERTURE,

Beethoven.

"Leonore," No. 3, in C.

Beethoven's single opera—*Fidelio, or Wedded Love*—was produced at Vienna on the 20th of November, 1805, and was performed three times. The opera was then withdrawn till the 29th of the following March. In the interval which elapsed between these dates, Beethoven had made large alterations in the work—had reduced it from three acts to two, and had rewritten the overture. The overture played on the 20th of November was that known as "Leonore" No. 2. The reason usually assigned for his rewriting it in the form which we are now to hear—viz.: that the wind instrument parts were too difficult—can hardly be respected, since Beethoven was little in the habit of consulting the convenience either of singers or players, and the wind instrument parts in the revised overture are, at least, as difficult as they were in the old one, if not more so. The reason, no doubt, was that the work did not please him; that he found, on hearing it, that it did not express his ideas adequately. But whatever may have been Beethoven's reason for altering his overture, he has not confined himself to mere modifications, but has recast the whole work, and while preserving its original shape and principal subjects, has alternately compressed and developed his former labor, added fresh themes, hastened, strengthened, and, in fact, made a new overture of it—a far larger, grander and maturer work than before. It is impossible, and it would be out of place in a mere programme for the concert-room, to enter at length into these differences.

Taken as pure music—as a piece of concise construction and strict adherence to musical "form"—the "Leonore No. 3" may not perhaps be so remarkable as the same great master's overture to "*Coriolan*," that miracle of stern heroic grandeur and compression, though not wanting in softer and more graceful lines. But is there not an interest higher even than musical symmetry?—the interest awakened by variety and complexity, and by wild passion and longing and suspense and rapture, such as that of which this great composition is so full from beginning to end—which animates every note from the

colossal unison at the opening to the glad and fiery speed at its close.
—(Reduced from Grove's analysis).

The subject of "*Fidelio*" is sad and dramatic. It treats of a prisoner of state, Florestan, whom the governor of a fortress seeks to starve to death in a dungeon. His wife, Leonora, disguised as a boy, has engaged herself as a servant to Rocco, the jailer, under the name of Fidelio. Pizarro, the governor, impatient to have his victim die, decides to put an end to him in the cell with his own hands. The order is given to Rocco to dig a grave in a corner of the dungeon, where the prisoner's corpse may be thrown. Fidelio is chosen by Rocco to help in this dismal task. The poor woman is almost distracted at finding herself thus near her husband, who is starving, without being able to approach or help him. Soon the cruel Pizarro enters, a dagger in his hand. The prisoner rises up, chained, recognizes his executioner, and tries to defend himself, when Fidelio, drawing a pistol, throws herself between them, and points it at the head of Pizarro. Just at this instant a trumpet is heard at some distance; it is the signal for lowering the drawbridge and opening the gates of the fortress. The arrival of the minister is announced; the governor has no time to complete his crime, he rushes from the dungeon, the prisoner is saved.

Discussion among *litterateurs* regarding Beethoven's intention in repeating the trumpet signal in the dungeon scene, which is embodied in the overture played this evening, has brought forth the following note from Beethoven's biographer, Mr. A. W. Thayer. "What was the traditional *forte* in repetition of the trumpet signal in Beethoven's '*Leonore*' overtures? As given in 1803-6, the closing scene was down in the dungeons of the prison. When the first signal is given, it is heard faintly, because all the doors and passages are supposed to be closed. On the repetition, these are all open; and the crowd is rushing down into the vaults. The increased loudness of the trumpet shows Pizarro that the time to commit the murder is now passed. Years ago I had a long talk with Otto Jahm on this *finale*; and we came to the conclusion that so much lovely music is lost by the change from the dungeons to the court, on the whole it would be better to restore the old form."

3

CHORUS.

Charles Gounod.

"All Ye Who Weep."

Six parts—Soprano, Alto, 1st and 2nd Tenor, and 1st and 2nd Bass.

The devotional spirit of this number and its unaffected musical beauty entitle it to rank with the composer's motets, "*O Day of Penitence*," and "*By Babylon's Wave*," which are also written in

six parts. It is a fine example of Gounod's great mastery of choral writing and his remarkable knowledge of vocal effects.

All ye who weep, O come unto Me,
I will comfort you.

All ye who suffer, O come unto Me,
I will console you.

All ye who mourn, O come unto Me,
I am your Peace.

All ye who die, O come to Me
For life eternal.



SYMPHONY No. 1 B MINOR, ... *Tschaikowsky.*

"Pathetic." Opus 74.

(Two Movements.)

II. Allegro con grazia.

III. Allegro molto vivace.

The title "*Pathetic*" was given by Tschaikowsky to his Sixth Symphony after the first performance. The work was sketched in 1893. In June of that year he went to Cambridge, England, to receive, with Saint-Saëns, Boito, and Bruch, the degree of Doctor of Music. He visited London, returned to Klin, his country home, went to Hamburg to attend the production of his opera "*Iolanthe*," and after he was again at home he finished the symphony, which is dated August 31, 1893, and dedicated to his favorite nephew, W. Davidoff.

Iwan Knorr claims that the composer had premonitions of his taking off, although his mind was full of future important works and colossal experiments in music. A few weeks before his sickness he wrote to Ilja Slatin, a friend and colleague, who lived at Charkoff: "I have been travelling the whole summer, and I have barely had time to orchestrate the symphony which I composed in the winter. It will be performed at St. Petersburg, October 28, and at Moscow, December 16. It seems to me that it is a successful work. At least I have seldom labored on a task with such love and self-surrender. My health, thank God, is excellent."

Tschaikowsky's friend, N. Kashkin, speaks as follows concerning the last days of the composer (Rosa Newmarch's English version is used):—

"Each of Tschaikowsky's symphonies has a definite coloring which shows the prevailing influence under which it was written. The Second shows us the composer still strongly dominated by

national tendencies. The Third is tinged throughout by his increasing eclecticism in general, and in particular by his newly awakened enthusiasm for Schumann. The Fourth is remarkable for its brighter qualities, and especially for its unwonted display of humor. The Fifth has touches of religious feeling which are absent from all the rest. In the Sixth Tchaikowsky seems to have concentrated the brooding melancholy which is the most characteristic and recurrent of all his emotional phases. Throughout the whole of his music we are never far from this shadow."

"There is no doubt," says Miss Newmarch, "that one of the reasons of the extraordinary popularity of this work lies in the fact that it has been invested with an autobiographical interest for which there is no real warranty. It is said that in some vague and mysterious way it foreshadowed the composer's approaching end. At the time of writing the Sixth Symphony, Tchaikowsky had passed through his dark hour and won his way back to light. Mr. Kashkin distinctly explodes the pathetic fallacy, if I may so far distort the meaning of Ruskin's phrase. He shows that the work was not composed under the influence of a morbid preoccupation with death. Tchaikowsky had some idea of writing out the programme of the symphony, but never did so, chiefly because no sooner was it finished than he became absorbed in new plans, of which the remodelling of *'The Oprichnik'* was one. Had he done so, the world would not have found that the symphony was a kind of legacy to the living from one who was filled with a presentiment of his own approaching end. It seems, then, more reasonable to interpret both the overwhelming energy of the third movement and the abysmal sorrow of the Finale in the broader light of a national or historical significance rather than to narrow them to the expression of an individual experience. Few works have awakened such an immediate echo in the heart of the public. It is interesting to know that he himself had no misgivings about the first three movements of the symphony, but thought it not improbable that after its first performance in St. Petersburg he might have to rewrite the finale."

The movements of the "*Pathetic*" Symphony omitted at this performance are the first, Adagio, Allegro non troppo; and the fourth, Finale (Adagio lamentoso).

Tchaikowsky, who died in 1893, was an indefatigable worker, as his three hundred compositions abundantly attest. His greatest successes have been obtained with his symphonic compositions; for, with the possible exception of "*Eugene Onégin*," his grand operas have not taken a great hold of the public. This fact confirms the judgment expressed by César Cui, who says that the author of the "*Enchantress*" is, above all, a composer of instrumental music, and that his principal strength consists in symphony and in chamber music. In vocal music he has never closely adhered to the text, and never known how to assimilate its character. He regards the voice

as the most admirable and sympathetic instrument, but takes no account of the words, which he considers only as a means of extracting sounds from this instrument. The character of his music is generally melancholy, tender and plaintive, and affects the minor tone.



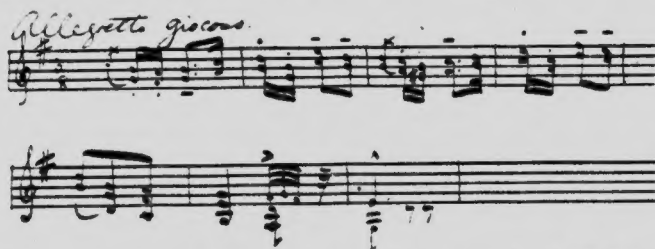
CHORAL SUITE, ... Dr. Edward Elgar.

"The Dance." (Sonnenbichl.) Op. 27, No. 1.

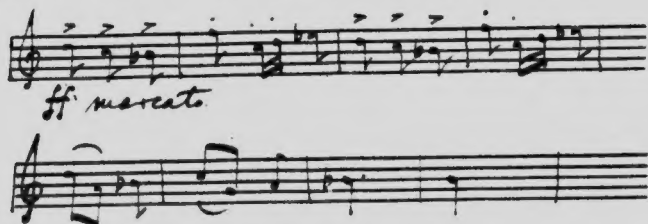
(From the "Bavarian Highlands.")

(For Chorus and Orchestra.)

This movement, in 3-8, *Allegretto giocoso*, is made up of two principal themes of gay and light-hearted character, into which, in the course of their treatment, is infused much grace. The first is



given out by the Violins, etc., with a subsidiary section in B flat, the



"Trio" being a *five-bar* theme, broken with reference to the first phrase of No. 1.

Come and hasten to the dancing,
Merry eyes will soon be glancing,
Ha! my heart upbounds!
Come and dance a merry measure,
Quaff the bright brown ale, my treasure,
Hark! what joyous sounds!

Sweetheart, come, on let us haste,
 On, on, no time let us waste,
 With my heart I love thee!
 Dance, dance, for rest we disdain,
 Turn, twirl, and spin round again,
 With my arm I hold thee!

Down the path the lights are gleaming,
 Friendly faces gladly beaming
 Welcome us with song.
 Dancing makes the heart grow lighter,
 Makes the world and life grow brighter
 As we dance along!



5.—TENOR SOLOS:—

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| (a) "A WINTER SONG," | Von Koss. |
| (b) "TO MARY." | White. |
| (c) "THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING." | Beach. |
| (a) "A WINTER SONG," | Von Koss. |

Come from the wintry town
 To gladden fields forsaken,
 Gaze on the barren thorn
 That roses re-awaken;
 Tread in the shrouding snow
 That buds may ope to flowers;
 Look on the trees around
 That birds revoice their bowers.

Gaze on the chilling ice
 That brooklets all be streaming,
 Prayerfully fold thine hands,
 That nature wake from dreaming;
 Breathe but a tender sigh
 That earth grow bright and blooming,
 Open thy longing arms
 To hasten Springtime's coming.

O think on me once more
 And soothe my bosom's yearning,
 Gaze on me once again
 And heal the heart-wound burning.
 Tenderly smile on me
 That all my pain shall vanish,
 Say but one word, that bliss
 My sorrows all may banish.

Lay thy dear hand in mine
That glowing rapture thrill me,
Lean thou upon my breast
That joy divine may fill me.
Kiss me that e'en a God
May envy me thy favor.
Be thou indeed mine own,
That Spring may bloom forever.

(b) "TO MARY," *Maude Valerie White.*

Miss White was born in Dieppe, of English parents, in 1855. Her songs have attained great popularity of recent years. She studied at the Royal Academy of Music, where she won the Mendelssohn Scholarship in 1879. She subsequently continued her studies in Vienna. She has composed many instrumental and vocal works, but is best known through her songs.

TO MARY.

Oh, Mary dear, that you were here,
With your brown eyes so bright and clear,
And your sweet voice like a bird,
Singing love to its lone mate,
In the ivy bower disconsolate.

Mary dear, come to me soon.
I am not well whil'st thou art far,
As sunset to the sphered moon,
As twilight to the western star,
Thou beloved art to me,
Oh, Mary dear, that you were here.

(c) "THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING." *Mrs. H. H. Beach.*

This gifted composer was born in New Hampshire in 1867. She resides in Boston, and has taken a very prominent place in the musical life of that city. Her compositions include songs, pianoforte pieces, cantatas, part-songs, larger choral works, a symphony for full orchestra and chamber music.

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew pearled.
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world.

"Les Preludes."

"*Les Preludes*," the third of Liszt's "*Symphonic Poems*," was begun at Marseilles in 1845, and finished at Weimar, five years later. Its first performance took place also at Weimar in 1854. As their generic name implies, all Liszt's compositions of the present class have an avowed poetic basis. That of the work now to be played is found in a passage from Lamartine's "*Méditations Poétiques*," placed by the composer himself at the head of his score:

"What is our life but a series of Preludes to that unknown song of which Death intones the first solemn note? Love constitutes the enchanting dawn of all existence; but where is an experience in which the first sensations of happiness are not disturbed by some storm, the deadly breath of which dispels its fond elusions, while blasting lightning burns up its altar? What cruelly wounded soul, when one of these tempests has passed away, does not seek to lull its memories in the sweet calm of country life? Nevertheless, man cannot long resign himself to the beneficent insipidity which at first charmed him in the bosom of nature; and, 'when the trumpet gives the signal of alarm,' he runs to the post of peril, whatever be the war that calls him to the ranks, so that he may recover in combat full consciousness of himself and entire possession of his powers."

"*Les Preludes*" may, taking the composer's indications of *tempo* as a guide, be divided into six sections:—

Andante (strings, then flutes).

Andante maestoso (trombones and basses).

Allegro ma non troppo (violins and 'celli).

Allegro tempestuoso (violins and horns).

Allegretto pastorale (harp, then horns).

Allegro marziale animato (violins, then trumpets).

These, however, are not movements in the sense of the word as it is used in connection with the older forms of art. According to Mr. C. A. Barry, who is entitled to speak, as an authority, they are "qualifications of the constituents of a complete organism composed within the space of a single movement." Symphonies proper are works in several movements. Symphonic poems, of the Liszt order, are works in one movement, containing several constituents variously qualified." The writer just quoted also remarks: "The form which he (Liszt) has devised for his symphonic poems in the main differs less from the established form than at first sight appears. A comparison of the established form of the so-called classical period with that devised by Liszt will make this apparent. The former may be described as consisting of (1) the exposition of the principal subjects, (2) their development, and (3) their recapitulation. For this Liszt has substituted (1) exposition, (2) development, and (3) further

development, or, as Wagner has tersely expressed it, 'nothing else but that which is demanded by the subject and its expressive development.' Thus, though from sheer necessity rigid formality has been sacrificed to truthfulness, unity and consistency are as fully maintained as upon the old system, but by a different method, the reasonableness of which cannot be disputed."

With regard to the themes of "*Les Préludes*" and their treatment, it must suffice to state that the principal subject to be metamorphosed appears in the opening *andante*. This is developed in the *andante maestoso*, which also contains the second subject. The remaining sections deal variously with the themes thus set forth, ringing upon them ingenious changes which will sufficiently exercise the hearer's powers of attention.

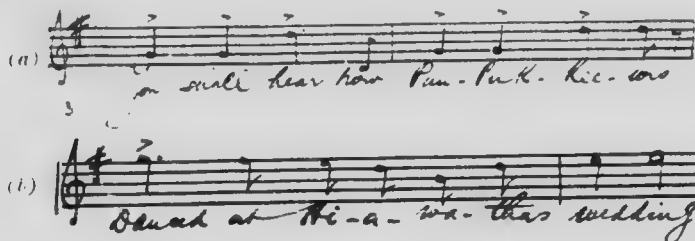


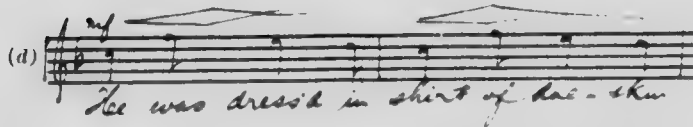
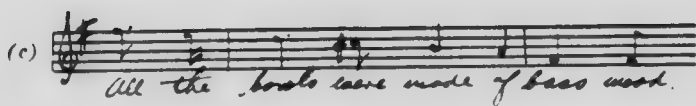
CANTATA FOR TENOR SOLO, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

S. Coleridge-Taylor, Op. 30.

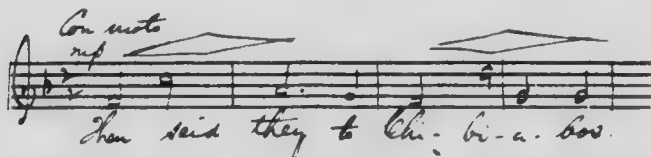
"*Hiawatha's Wedding Feast*."

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is one of the youngest and certainly one of the strongest of the modern school of British composers. He is an Anglo-African, and his music is full of a freshness and picturesqueness possessed by very few of the older composers. In "*Hiawatha's Wedding Feast*" he has expressed with remarkable truth and effect the wild and barbaric nature of the poem. His handling of the orchestra and his choral writing are masterful to a very high degree, and the entire work reveals a remarkable gift of melody, with boldness in harmonic progressions and transitions. In his rhythms and in other details he betrays the influence of Dvorak. Notwithstanding the frequent repetition of his themes or "motives," they are so spontaneous, and exhibit such unfailing resourcefulness in their treatment, that the work at no time becomes monotonous. His capacity for indefinitely varying his themes is remarkable. Among the most frequently heard, and in the repetitions, harmonically and rhythmically varied phrases employed by the composer, may be named the following:—

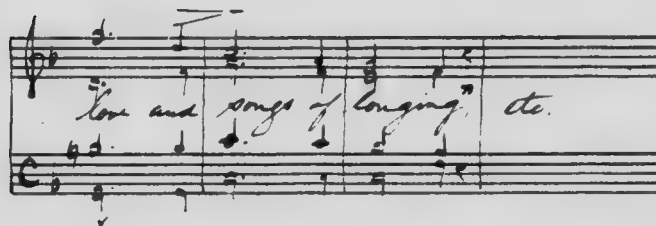




Following one of the most dramatic bits of choral writing in the work, and led up to by an orchestral interlude which presents in various keys and rhythms several of the principal themes of the cantata, commences this charming and lightly accompanied chorus -



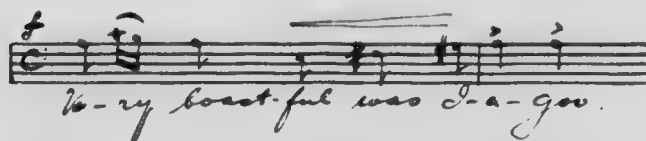
This is followed by a tender and most expressive unaccompanied passage:—



which in turn leads into one of the most prominent and beautiful features of the cantata, namely, the tenor solo, "Onaway, awake, beloved," a composition which has been described as "one of the most perfect specimens of pure musical beauty produced in recent years,

and one which displays a combination of vigor and tenderness of which any living composer might be proud."

A genuine touch of humor illuminates the pages in which is described the remarkable adventures and thrilling stories of the boastful Iugoo; the following striking and pompous theme being appropriately employed by the composer in dealing with the exploits of the wonderful story teller:—



Nothing is finer in Longfellow's poem than the simple touch of the departure of the guests, leaving the hero alone with the night and Minnehaha, a passage which the composer has set to the most tender and haunting strain in the entire work. Throughout the work the music is distinguished by unfailing resource, by a spring of melody that never runs dry, and by a picturesqueness that is in perfect keeping with the subject.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Kee
 wis,
 How the handsome Yenadizze,
 Danced at Hiawatha's wedding;
 How the gentle Chibiabos,
 He the sweetest of musicians,
 Sang his songs of love and longing;
 How Iagoo, the great boaster,
 He the marvellous storyteller,
 Told his tales of strange adventure,
 That the feast might be more joy-
 ous,
 That the time might pass more
 gaily,
 And the guests be more contented
 Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
 Made at Hiawatha's wedding.
 All the bowls were made of bass-
 wood,
 White and polished very smoothly,
 All the spoons of horn of bison,
 Black and polished very smoothly.
 She had sent through all the vil-
 lage
 Messengers with wands of willow,
 As a sign of invitation,
 As a token of the feasting;
 And the wedding-guests assembled,
 Clad in all their richest raiment,
 Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
 Splendid with their paint and plu-
 mage,

Beautiful with beads and tassels.
 First they ate the sturgeon,
 Nahma,
 And the pike, the Maskenozha,
 Caught and cooked by old Nokomis,
 Then on pemican they feasted,
 Pemican and buffalo marrow,
 Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
 Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
 And the wild rice of the river.
 But the gracious Hiawatha,
 And the lovely Laughing Water,
 And the careful old Nokomis,
 Tasted not the food before them,
 Only waited on the others,
 Only served their guests in si-
 lence.
 And when all the guests had fin-
 ished,
 Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
 From an ample pouch of otter,
 Filled the red stone pipes for
 smoking
 With tobacco from the South-land,
 Mixed with bark of the red willow,
 And with herbs and leaves of fra-
 grance.
 Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Kee-
 wis,
 Dance for us your merry dances,
 Dance the Beggar's Dance to please
 us,

That the feast may be more joy-
ous,
That the time may pass more
gaily,
And our guests be more con-
tented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-
Fool,

Rose among the guests assembled.
Skilled was he in sports and pas-
times,

In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-
play;

Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
Koomitassoo, the game of Plum-
stones,

Though the warriors called him
Faint-Heart,

Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis,

He was dressed in shirt of doe-
skin,

White and soft, and fringed with
ermine,

All inwrought with beads of wam-
pum;

He was dressed in deer-skin leg-
gings,

Fringed with hedgehog quills and
ermine,

And in mocassins of buck-skin
Thick with quills and beads em-
brodered,

On his head were plumes of swan's
down,

On his heels were tails of foxes,

In one hand a fan of feathers,

And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and
yellow,

Streaks of blue and bright ver-
million,

Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis,

From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth and parted like a woman's,

Shining bright with oil, and
plaited,

Hung with braids of scented
grasses,

As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sounds of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis,

And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn mea-
sure,

Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine trees,
Through the shadows and the sun-
shine,

Treading softly like a panther,
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in cir-
cles,

Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wig-
wam,

Till the leaves went whirling with
him,

Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed
it

Wildly in the air around him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the land-
scape,

Heaping all the shores with Sand
Dunes,

Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Kewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to
please them,

And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
To the friend of Hiawatha,
To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians,
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!

Songs of love and songs of long-
ing,

That the feast may be more joy-
ous,

That the time may pass more
gaily,

And our guests be more contented!"

And the gentle Chibiabos
Sang in accents sweet and tender,
Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of long-

ing,
Looking still at Hiawatha,
Looking at fair Laughing Water,
Sang he softly, sang in this wise:

"Onaway! Awake, beloved!
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!

Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!

"If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon them!

"Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,

As their fragrance is at evening,
In the Moon when leaves are falling.

"Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,

As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the Moon when nights are brightest?

"Onaway! my heart sings to thee,
Sings with joy when thou art near me,

As the sighing, singing branches
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!

"When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,

As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows on it!

"When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,

As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers,

"Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,

Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me!

"I myself, myself! behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!

O awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!"

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous storyteller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Jealous of the sweet musician,
Jealous of the applause they gave him,

Saw in all the eyes around him,
Saw in all their looks and gestures,
That the wedding-guests assembled
Longed to hear his pleasant

stories,
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo:
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had made a greater;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder;
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,

Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could,

None could dive so deep as he could,

None could swim so far as he could;

None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous storyteller!

Thus his name became a by-word
And a jest among the people!
And whenever a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too

highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achievements,

All his hearers cried, "O!
Here's lagoo come!"

He it was who cradled
Of the little Hiawatha
Carved its frame of linden,
Bound it strong with reindeer's
sinews;

He it was who taught him later
How to make his bows and arrows,
How to make the shafts of ash-tree
And the arrows of the oak-tree
So among the guests assembled

At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat lagoo, old and ugly,
Sat the marvellous storyteller

And they said, "O good lagoo,
Tell us now a tale of wonder,
Tell us of some strange adventure
That the feast may be more
ous,

That the time may pass more
gaily,

And our guests be more con-
tented!"

And lagoo answered straight-
way,

"You shall hear a tale of wonder,
You shall hear of strange adven-
tures."

So he told the strange adventures
Of Ossan, the Magician,
From the Evening Star descended.

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,
Thus the wedding-banquet ended,
And the wedding-guests departed,
Leaving Hiawatha happy
With the night and Minnehaha.

—Longfellow.

DO NOT SAVE THE KING.

Harmonized for Piano Used.

Members of the Chorus.

First Choir.

Sopranos :

Bickell, Miss Muriel
Bull, Miss Florence
Bradley, Miss Sarah E.
Blake, Miss Elsie
Clothier, Miss Kate B.
Davies, Miss Helen
Evans, Miss Frances
Findlay, Miss Emily
Fulton, Miss Agnes
Gartshore, Miss Helen
Hagarty, Mrs. T. M.

Hudson, Mrs. Chas.
Kennedy, Mrs. L. James
Laidlaw, Miss Janet
Laidlaw, Miss Margaret
Larke, Miss Cora
Mitchell, Miss Birdie
Mottram, Miss Annie H.
Mouré, Mrs. F. A.
Muirhead, Miss Sidney
McGolpin, Mrs. J. A.

McMurtry, Miss Dora L.
Parker, Miss Anna
Parker, Miss Evelyn M.
Parker, Mrs. H. W.
Poucher, Miss Florence
Ratcliff, Miss Maud E.
Russell, Miss Leda H.
Scott, Miss Beatrice
Tamblyn, Miss Beatrice
Warde, Mrs. J. D.

Altos :

Bapty, Miss Mabel
Blackburn, Miss Eleanor
Brown, Miss Florence I.
Burns, Miss Florence
Clothier, Miss Rachel E.
Dever, Miss Ethel E.
Donovan, Miss Alice
Fisher, Miss Florence
Garrett, Miss Lillian

Grigg, Miss Annie E.
Houston, Miss Manie
Houston, Miss Anna L.
Johnston, Miss Minnie
Macfarlane, Miss Eva
Magson, Miss May
Millman, Miss Maude
O'Donoghue, Miss Katie
Paterson, Miss Victoria

Porritt, Miss Evelyn H.
Reed, Miss Minnie
Rosebrugh, Miss Alice
Shildrick, Miss Laura G.
Shuttleworth, Miss G.
Sparrow, Miss Marcella S.
Tate, Miss Edna
Tisdale, Mrs. F. W.

Tenors :

Almond, R.
Beatty, F. R.
Care, Arthur
Cringan, A. T.
Glass, Sidney
Heyes, Arthur
Hillock, W. H.

Hoose, T. M.
Hounsom, J. Ernest
Hudson, Geo.
Hutchison, C. Victor
Kerr, L. O.
Lauten-Slayer, P.
Lundy, Dr. W. E.

O'Connor, W. S.
Plant, F. L.
Staples, O. P.
Thompson, A. J.
Thorneloe, H. P.
Twigg, Jos.

Bassos :

Bishop, Chas. W.
Bonney, Robt.
Campbell, W. M.
Chace, W. G.
Clark, Dr. Harold
Costello, Cyril
Croxall, H. A.
Davies, Dr. T. Alexander
Elliott, W. H.

Fairecloth, R. T.
Halford, Chas. J.
Hyndman, J. A.
Jellett, J. M.
Kirby, R. G.
Mews, F. E.
Monro, Henry
McClellan, Geo. B.
McDougall, Horace F.

McFadyen, Harry H.
Oliver, E. B.
Oliver, F. A.
Richardson, Dr. E. K.
Smith, Vernon
Reed, T. A.
Turvey, Geo.
Woods, Wm. P.

Members of the Chorus—Continued.

Second Choir.

Sopranos :

Abell, Miss May
Brownell, Miss Leila I.
Burritt, Mrs. F. E.
Church, Miss Helen I.
Cramp, Miss Mary
Davison, Miss Minnie
Dudley, Miss Dolly
Eagen, Mrs. W. J.
Elliott, Mrs. W. H.

Galloway, Mrs. Geo. A.
Gedge, Miss Helen
Hagarty, Miss Mary K.
Harrington, Mrs. E. A.
Hodgert, Miss C. M.
Jellett, Miss Ruby S.
Lawson, Miss Jennie
Love, Miss Della Kate
Miller, Miss Martha D.

Morris, Miss May
Quehen, Miss Eugénie
Quinn, Miss Ethel
Ratcliffe, Miss S. Marjorie
Rundle, Miss Ada A.
Senior, Miss Lillie M.
Shaw, Miss Jean
Switzer, Miss Ethel
Wegener, Miss Therese

Altos :

Amor, Miss Daisy
Boynea, Miss Jennie
Brown, Miss Nora
Byrnes, Miss Ada
Craig, Miss Elsie D.
Cuthbert, Miss E. Winnifred
Douglas, Mrs. W. M.
Duff, Miss Emma L.
Ferguson, Miss Helen K.

Gordon, Miss Maud
Gordon, Miss Ruby
Herbert, Mrs. F. H.
Hutt, Miss Blanche M.
Lipscomb, Miss Marie
Miller, Miss Eleanor
Morton, Miss K. Chattoe
McCarren, Miss Alice
McDowell, Miss Lillian

O'Donoghue, Miss Mollie
Shaver, Mrs. W. N.
Smith, Miss Bertha H.
Smith, Miss Violet B.
Tensdale, Miss Margaret
Tedd, Miss Emily
Tedd, Miss Maud
Tillson, Miss Eva
Vogt, Mrs. A. S.

Tenors :

Bemrose, Frank
Bonney, Walter
Bonsall, R. E.
Chambers, J. King
Cook, R. S.
Davis, Ernest W.
Harper, Wm.
Harrington, Dr. E. A.

Herdman, F. A.
Jones, B. Morton
Lee, Geo. H. D.
Lloyd, Frank E.
Mason, T. H.
Parkes, G. H.
Paton, D. W.

Pickard, Walter F.
Pridham, W. S.
Procter, W. H.
Richards, A. E.
Sampson, H. M.
Senior, W. C.
Vanderwater, W. M.

Bassess :

Atkinson, Geo. D.
Auger, Percy H.
Bowyer, W. E.
Braun, H. R.
Cummer, Dr. W. E.
Davies, A. L. E.
Galloway, Major Jas.
Haig, David C.

Harrison, F. J. L.
Hutcheson, H. F.
Kitchener, Jas.
Linden, D.
Lumley, Dr. C. C.
Milne, G. H.
McCammon, L. Bertram
McElheran, G. H.

Patterson, R. E.
Plant, W. H.
Richardson, Dr. T. B.
Roberts, Frank E.
Sparks, Walter
Tisdale, F. W.
Van Winckel, W. H.